

ENGLAND'S JOY,

For the Taking off

The Chimney-Money.

O R,

The NATIONS Hearty Thanks for their
MAJESTIES Royal Clemency.

Tune of, *Hey Boys up gh we.*

Licensed, and Entred according to Order.



Come, England, make a joyful Day,
our Gracious King an Queen
have took the Chimney-Tax away,
has so vexations born:
Collectors now must all go down,
who were such frightful Culls,
That one would scare a Country-Town,
as much as twenty Devils.

The Good old Wives when ever they
the Chimney Man espyed;
Unto their Pooks they'd hast away,
their Pots, and Pippins hide:
But now those Bugbears are pluckt down,
you hated thus to see;
You now may use what e're's your own,
from Graining you are free.



There is not one Old Dame in Ten,
and search the Nation through;
But when you talk of Chimney Men,
shall spare a Curse or two:
Let us unto our Gracious King,
our grateful thanks repay,
For doing such a generous thing,
as take this Tax away.

How happy Times are coming on,
let's pray that they may last;
For now the Chimney Tax is gone,
our cheifest care is past:
We'll in our Country Cottage sing,
and push the Jugg about;
We'll drink an Health unto our King,
till all our Liquour's out.

No Nation e're could be more blest,
or greater ease enjoy;
All of those Rights are reposselt,
which Popery did destroy:
From cares and fears we are set free,
our King with Bounty gives;
Each Man enjoys his Liberty,
and like a Prince he lives.

The Chimney-Money, which opprest
the people that are poor;
Such grievances are now redrest,
and will be felt no more:
How blest and happy is our Land,
in such a Gracious King,
Whose Noble Heart and Giving Hand,
dorth all these Blessings bring?

The Country Wives now need not fear
to bring their Petiver forth;
Or let their spinning wheels declare
their Cleanliness and Worth:
For Chimney Men no more will come
or take your Goods away;
You safely may enjoy your home,
there's no such Tax to pay.

Our loving Gracious King and Queen
may Heaven ever bless;
God give them both a Prosperous Reign
and Crown their Happiness;
May they those Enemies destroy,
that gainst them do conspire;
And may they here on Earth enjoy
all Blessings they desire.

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The Chimney-Men's Grief.

Poor Chimney-men that labour for Silence a Day,
And the poor Wife, and young Children small,
And none but his Care to maintain them withal:
It was but in vain to plead Poverty, when